

Ware - Warw

Dorothy

*Thanks
to letting
me know. Hope you
do publish*

Warlick

August 15, 1947

Dear Mrs. Roosevelt:

A kind act of President Roosevelt's changed my entire life! And I have written a short story about the changes that were wrought in my life as a result from this kind act of his and about a dream I had about the President on V-E Day. I would like to have it published, not particularly for the small amount of money I would receive, but rather, I feel that it would counteract some of the stories that have been written about him!

I would not consider publishing this, unless it was agreeable with you. I am enclosing a copy of the memorial I wrote on the anniversary of the second year of his death. This will show how I feel about him. If you would like to read the story, I would be glad to send a copy of it to you.

Would you be good enough to express how you, personally, feel about this matter? I will abide by your wishes.

Thanking you in advance for your kindness and hoping this finds you in good health, I remain,

Sincerely,

Dorothy Warlick
Dorothy Warlick
7321 Holtcamp St.
Houston, Texas

P.S. I am also enclosing the ^{part of} first draft of the story that mentions his name. Please read it to see if you have any objections.

Warlick

Library

The Warm Springs Woman's Club
requests the pleasure of your company
on Wednesday afternoon, April ninth
from four until six o'clock
to meet

Mrs. Ruth Butts Stevens
Author of *Hi-Ya Neighbor*
Intimate Glimpses of Franklin D. Roosevelt
at Warm Springs, Georgia 1924-45

Sara Delano Roosevelt Community Building, Warm Springs, Georgia

Warm

I regretted
this, but
thought
you might
want to see

For as 906 - 1st Ave N.
St. Petersburg Fla.
May 5 1947

Dear Mrs Roosevelt:

From the time, over
two months ago, that I
cut this clipping from
our paper, I've felt a strong
urge to send it to you.
I've hesitated, fearing to
cause you more distress.

To day as never before
we wish that he was
back in the White House.

We need him desperately.
There is a feeling among
us, that our relations
with Russia would never
have been at cross pur-

the Mayflower, probably do not realize the poverty, strife and unrest in so many of the foreign countries.

I often wonder if we are in so much danger of Communism as the radio and papers would have us believe. Having never, to my knowledge, met one and not having a very well defined idea of a Communist, I feel that if we teach our young people a lot more about good honest government we will not have too much to fear.

I do however think that we should allow foreigners coming here

poses if he had lived.

I, too, will never forget the afternoon that the news came. I doubt if we will ever fail to remember our reactions. First of a personal grief (we lived in Washington for many years and were there for the first inauguration) then a sinking feeling that the ordinary people had lost the best friend in government that they had or would ever have. Then too a feeling of grief that he would not be here to see the end of the war. We Americans, whose ancestors came over with the Pilgrims and on

to our country, three years to
make up their minds about
becoming citizens and if they
do not want to, let them,
or make them, go back (from
what I hear, we do have so
many (even here in St. Peters-
burg) who have no desire
to become citizens.

Frankly I wish you
would at different times
in "my Day" write on the
advantages of becoming citizens
and voting.

We vote here tomorrow
for councilmen and mayor,
and we are expecting a record
to be broken for the number
voting. Our Junior Chamber
of Commerce has been very
active in advocating registra-
tion.

Sincerely,
(Mrs M.A.) Lillian Jeffreys Warren

A Matter of Opinion

By
William
Wiley

Time has dulled the edge, but Americans probably will never again experience the mass emotion that marked the day two years ago tomorrow. The day, of course, was April 12, 1945, when Franklin D. Roosevelt died.

At the time some were untouched by the president's death. More today would deny they were. But certainly most of us will long remember where we were and exactly what we were doing when the news came.

It was a blistering day in New Guinea. The sun had broken through the haze early in the morning and the atmosphere was stifling in the radio studio where I was recording news from San Francisco. Suddenly the announcer's voice was stilled. Audible whispers could be heard in the California studio. Then, the announcer came back. His voice broke.

"Here is a bulletin," he said. "The White House has just announced that President Franklin D. Roosevelt has just died of cerebral hemorrhage."

I will not describe my own reaction. I walked out of the studio, over to the "old man's" tent and told him the news.

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Yes," I said, "I'm sure." I walked back to the studio, cut in on the program and read the bulletin.

The effect was almost immediate. Our two telephones rang simultaneously. Was it true? Was it true? Was it true?

Yes, it was true. We fed out additional news as fast as it was received, both by radio and telephone. No one believed it or wanted to believe it.

Soon a crowd of soldiers began gathering around the studio. They came from all corners of the base. They came by truck, by jeep, and by foot—both officers and enlisted men.

Was it true? they asked. Yes, it was true. But they couldn't be assured. They sat around on the coral rock hill in the hot sun, smoking and looking over the blue sea. They spoke little. Now and then they would walk over to the outdoor bulletin board and read the

messages they had read over and over again. Then they went back and sat down.

It was strange to see so many men experiencing a common emotion. They had been in the army a long time where personal emotion of any kind is commonly scorned. They jeered patriotic demonstrations in movies; they hooted at any kind of emotional display. Yet now they were almost universally distraught over the death of a man few of them had ever seen except in the newsreels.

Time and again we heard them say: "I wouldn't have felt any worse if it had been my father."

That attitude, of course, is frowned upon in a democracy, but I believe most of them felt that way. Most of them were young and had never known any other president, and they looked on him with much the same regard as they did their fathers. Perhaps it was wrong. Nevertheless, it was true.

There was little work done on the base that day or the next. When we went for the mail late in the afternoon men were gathered in little groups all along the road. Everywhere we stopped soldiers gathered around our jeep to ask for more news and to express their regrets.

"It was a rotten shame," they said, "that he couldn't have lived to see this thing through."

Even when night came the crowd around the studio did not disperse. They came and went. They asked questions, then stood around to talk and smoke. There were no raucous arguments. No loud laughter, and there was a strange absence of profanity in their conversation. They didn't seem like soldiers.

The next day the chaplains told us there had been an unprecedented attendance at religious services the night before. No one knew exactly why they went. It just seemed like the thing to do.

So They Say

Communism makes no headway where plenty exists. Poverty is the open door through which it enters.—Methodist Bishop B. Brownley Oxnam of New York.

[Warren, L.]